



THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

I remember the night was stormy & wet
And dismally dashed the dark wave,
While the rain & the sleet
Dark & heavily beat,
On the mariner's new dug grave,
I remember 'twas down in a darksome dale
And near to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail,
Round the wanderer's pale,
That I first saw the mariner's grave,
I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
And how sad was the look that they gave
As they rested their load,
Nearst's last abode,
And gazed on the mariner's grave,
I remember no sound did the silence break
As the corpse to the earth they gave,
Save the night-bird's wick,
And the coffin's creak;
As it sunk in the mariner's grave,
I remember a tear that slowly slid,
Down the cheek of a me-mate brave;
It fell on the lid,
And soon was hid,
For close I was the mariner's grave,
Now o'er his lone bed the brier creeps,
And the will flowers mournfully wave
And the willow weeps,
And the moonbeam sleeps,
On the mariner's silent grave,

